A FAMILY AFFAIR.

By HUGH CONWAY

Author of "Called Back," and "Lath Days."

attal values re used that sees, and for a while shape regret. The tests is that felt angry and amound, prompt even self represental. Impossible as it was that Mr. Rawlings' clause could be conseated, both Hornes and Leisbert felt a sense of shame compelled to yield by a mere threat. The wish to it, ht every thing out to the Lifter end made E gland what it is. Ferhaps, after all, wh a they came to thick of it, the day in all his comings and goldishe mutally what they came to the k of it, the Talberts were fonder of the claid than they cared to own. At any rare, after a long cared to own. At any rare, after a long cared to own. At any rare, after a long care out of the quasical security and silks to any proceedings which savored of the mysterious. "Errand of charity, of course" he said, making the questioning account of the quasical security and some and proceedings which savored of the mysterious. "Errand of charity, of course out of the quasical security and proceedings which savored a dislike to any proceedings which savored of the mysterious." "Errand of charity, of course out of the quasical security and some and proceedings which savored a dislike to any proceedings which savored of the mysterious." "Errand of charity, of course out of the quasical security and some and proceedings which savored of the mysterious." "Errand of charity, of course out of the quasical security and proceedings which savored of the mysterious." "Errand of charity, of course out of the quasical security and proceedings which savored of the mysterious." "Errand of charity, of course out of the quasical security and proceedings which savored a dislike to any proceedings which savored of the mysterious." "Errand of charity, of course out of the quasical security and the quasical security and the course of the savored of the mysterious and proceedings which savored of the mysterious and proceedings which savored of the mysterious and proceedings which savored a savored of the mysterious and proceedings which savored of the mysterious and pro natural to any Earlishman who finds himself compelled to yield by a more threat. The

"I surpose," he usked, as one seeking for information, "it would be cut of the question for us to do as Benerico wishes?"

Horace was equal to the occasion, "Quite out of question," he answered sternin. "We should be placed in a risionless position and

become the jest of the county."

They shaddered visibly at the thought and so far as the Talberts were concerned the boy's fate was settled. To become the jest of the county is too terrible! Country as we all know, is so delicate, yet so sharp

With minds ill at ease they sought distraction in their housekeeping. Although as a rule the "Tabbies" we e just, if cheese-paring, in their management—net unreasonable, if exacting, in their requirements, today they drove the cook and poor Whittaker almost frantic, and set both wondering whatever the masters were going to get to. In the meantime Beatrice had car

door, threw herself upon a couch, where for a long time she sat with her hands pressed against her brows. She did not weep, was her look that of one resigning herself to rate and getting ready to yield to the they It yes retain that of one searching

white face to her own room. She locked the

form they every path which much per cravay of escape from a dell' cui. I to it seemed as if every path shotted a cui it supported itself into a cui its suc at heaved a hopeless sigh and the sed lashes. a rang the bell, and gave or its sf

the length to her. He same with the cry of d light vial many sproted her. M s Change Life fell won her lap, casped has ret, stroked and curled his pret lott hair, called him by a thou and condishes, his eyes, his n S. I. I will and fat legs, and golden. went to court the well-known cereate, child we slop. It was clear that no mene a however dire, would make hir r in the tame surrender of Lar p. L c. templated by her uncles. N tone of I many and rather wild ejacubations so reas bland at the possibility of an it. In no sense were heren some of which were tearful ones, i claude i ra

By and by, with a face even paler than before. Bearrice took the child by the land and went down stairs. She pained for a second before the closel door of the room in which she had left her uncles. "I cause a no other way, it must be done," she must red. Then, like one full of a sol non purpose, she entered the room. Whatever she may have been about to do, the empty room a cond to give her a we some respite. She gave a breath of redef. Nevertheless, it seemed that the respite was to be but short, for, after waiting a few minutes and finding neither Herice nor Herbers appear, she turn of as if to go in search of them.

But at that moment her mood change! once more, or an alternative course at List presented itself. A tinge of color larged back to her check. With quick steps she back to her check. With quick steps she led the bey awar, and having consigned him to Mrs. Mill riscare, a nin sought her own room, and again set for a long time in deep "It is but a slender chance while ered, "but it can be tried. To-day is Thursday, and no steps can be taken until

After this she wrote a note to Sylvanus Morelle, a king him if he could come to the house and so her either that afternoon or early the next morning. She sent the note down to the village and then went in scare

They looked at her rather timidly, perhaps conscience st. den. They funcied she had come to remother argument and offer up fresh entreads. It may be they feared that in such an elect they would be forced to yield, in spit of the consequences such an a of weakness, must eneal. But Beatrice did not reopen the a tack. She quietly a ket if she might have the clothes worn by the boy when he first disturb d the seclusion of Hazlewoo | House; which clothes, it may be remember-1, were carefully stowed away by Horace is the big safe. As there appeared to be no harm in the gratifying of this re-quest 'a safe was unlocked, and a next brown aper parcel indexed in Horaco's long, in caligraphy given to the girt

will not answer the solicitor's letter, I hope, the such ; it needs no answer. The delivery of

the b will be answer enough. In the afternoon Sylvanus trotted up on his to evele. His face was radiant from the com? and efforts of the sharp, fresh nor, the exercise, and the delight at having received such a summent from Miss Clauson. To-day he as I mgu salove his lugubrious name. He impa I his hands together, not so much for the purpose of prometing circulation as or accounts the chorful sound of the detonathe rule, sed care the exception. Welltaker is turned the greater with the respect, and ventured the express his approval of Eir. More these Circi mass Day acrossos. Then Morelle said something which made even Whittaker laugh. Miss Clausen heard the curate's brisk, crisp voice 1 ng before he was shown

He gracied her pleasantly, and learned that her uncles were out. As the Taberts Who at it say that Sylvanuse it is think his with the weal-known closes of his list A respectors often pleasant in their theter and harber no thoughts savethes

free release, "said Sylvanus, "Houseld bors Lam.

I want you to do meafaver, so I ven tured to write to you." Beatrice's words were conventional, but there was something in her normar which made the quick-witted

Command me-in anything everything -all. He spose even more quickly and emphatically than was his went. In his heart the good fellow faucied his aid was needed for something concerning Carrithers, whem he persisted in believing Beatrice loved. Nevertheless, he would willingly have done all he could to help to happiness the man who had taken every vestige of

hope from him.

But the favor resolved itself into this: Would Mr. Mordle accompany Miss Clauson to-morrow morning to Blacktown? She had

the city of which she know little or nothing, Sylvators (c) and express I biaself greatly boured. As wint time should be call for her! Would she walk or drive! Beatrles looked at him and spoke very showly and as

"I wish no one-not even my uncles-to know of this excursion," she said. "Would you meet me at the cross roads at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning! If I tespass on your

time or good nature please say so."
"Trespass! By no means. Ten o'clock. I shall be waiting for you."

Nevertheless Sylvanus was surprised, even troubled. To have refused to do Miss Clauson a service, whatever it might be, was of

gravely. Her words satisfied Sylvams as the words of a fair woman always satisfy the conscience of a man. The amount of convic-"We tion carried by beauty is truly wonderful.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CASE FOR KING SOLOMON. At a few minutes past ten o'clock in the morning Sylvanus Mordle, who for some quarter of an hour had been waiting at the cross roads as patiently as the finger post itself, saw Beatrice coming towards him. He hastened to meet her, and his sharp eyes at once noticed that she looked worn and weary. he known that she had spent a sleepless night this would have caused him no sur-The two walked on until they reached the outskirts of the city. Here, by Beatrice's command, the curate bailed a cab. "Where

shell we drive to?" be asked.

'There, if you please," said Beatrice, handing him a paper. Mordle stared, and could scarcely repress a cry of surprise. The paper hore the words, "The Cat and Compasses, Market Lane." He wondered what the

world M = 1 au on could want at a fiftheste illustreen inn. However, he gave the order, and in due time the cab drew up at its euphonical destination.

The "Cat and Compasses" was an inn which had seen better, much better, days, on the strength of which it still ventured to call itself a family and commercial hotel. Perhaps it spoke the truth; perhaps i. a nesertion was but a lamiable evidence of a desire to regain its former status. It stood in a narrow street very near to Blacktown murket, and, judging by external appearance, was the very last place at which either a family, or even one of those dashing represents lives of commerce of our day, would dream of staying. It boasted a billiard room, built over a

able at the back, and approached by a stepladder. Saving this, it's attractions were few, beyond the gay looking bottles and neat li the kegs ranged temptingly on shelves above a battered but bright power countera cheerful gauntlet to be run by all who entered the house itself. What could being

Mess Clauson to such a place!
Simply in: the widewed landlady of the
house was an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. lawlings. These respectable people were taying with her, and Restrice had learned

As the cab stopped Sylvanus, who knew nothing of the claim made on little Harry's person, looked inquiringly at his companion. He saw that Beatrice had at a glance taken in the rather disreputable look of the 'Cat and Compasses," which was doubtless un-fairly enhanced by a man with a sodden, gin-besieged face, who leaned against the deorpost smoking a short pipe. He say, moreover, that Beatrico appeared against a "You were right not to come about



"You were right not to come above," he said "Will you step in and ask if a lady can see a Mrs. Rawlin Mordle obeyed. Rawlings, who is staying there?

Bentrice drew down her vail and leaned back in the cab. She closed her eyes, as it for the moment to shut out her sucroundings. "It must be done!" she murmuret. Her eyes were still closed when she heard Mordle his clear accents just tempered by surprise, saying that the person she wanted was in the house, and would see her. Beatrice moved as if to leave the cab. The curate kept the

"Miss Clauson," he said, "can I not do your errand for your This seems scarcely

the place for you to enter." He spoke more gravely than usual. He mind was picturing the consternation into which Hornce and Herbert would be thrown did they but know that their mece was visiting such a place as this. He felt he was be-traying a trust, and until he could assure house if that the end more than justified th

means would be fill at case.
"No," said Beatrice, "I alone can do it.
Please do not follow me; but I should be glac

if you will wait for me."

Very reluctantly he opened the cab door. and with many misgivings watched Beatrice go past the salden-faced man, who cast after her a look of mandlin approval; he watched her go post the colored bottles and the pewter counter, and disappear from sight. As she vanished, Sylvanus, who was showd enough to feel that it would be moral rular rackergy man, especially one who was but a curate, to be seen at such an hour of the morning hanging about the door of such a tavern, ensconced himself in the dopths of the cub, and waited and wondered. He houestly believed that whatever might be the mission which brought Bentrice to such a place, its object was perfectly pure and womanly. Yet he was unbappy, and felt guilty. Horace and Herbert sat heavily on his conscience. Charitable as he knew them to be, prompted by charity as he persuaded himself was Bentrice's unknown errand, he was fully aware that no milk of human kindness peacessed by the Talberts would induce them to consent to their nieces exercising the sacred quality in such dingy parliens, or under the roof of such a questionable establishment as the "Cat and Compasses." The limits of the charitable obligations of Hazlewood House were strictly defined by the boundaries of

manner of willowed landladies, filed up the narrow parage. She eyed Miss Clauson carlonsly, and then conducted her to a sning parlor at the back of the bar. In parlors of this sort are always coay and warm. This was no exception to the rule. A cosy, low room, and not without cheerful eranments, scoing that it boasted a large tea tray in mid with mother of pearl, several colored prints and a handsomely-framed copper-plate written document, which proclaimed to all who cared to read it that the deceased progretor was a member of the Ancient Order of Odd

Beatrice noticed none of these pristic embellishments. She took the chair which was offered her, and, without raleing her veil, awaited the appearance of Mrs. Enwlines. As no woman with any pretensions to re-spectability and solvency would think of facing an unknown visitor without some little smoothing of plumes and adjustment of attire, Miss Clauson had to wait several minutes for the desired audience. At last she heard the door open, and, with a stiffed sob, she rose, turned, and faced the new

Mrs. Rawlings' g od-natured round, commonnia. Ince wore an expression of worder She saw that her visitor was of p class different from that which usually horored her vith a morning call. to Miss Clausen's undermably lady-like appearance the good woman's greeting, which be gan with a nod, ended in something like a

"Please be seated, miss," she said. "I hear you want to speak to me.'

"Yes," said Bentrice, in a low but clear roice. "I wish to speak to you about the child which you claim as yours. I wish to hear what you have to say."

The woman's face grow grave. "Ah," she said, "I must send for my busband. He's managing the business."

Beatrice made an imperious gesture of dissent. "What I have to say must be said to you. Kindly see that we speak without in-terruption." Mrs. Rawlings settled back in her chair rather sullenly, and eyed her veiled

visitor while in tental curiosity. Suddenly Beatrice a gain species

"Tell : " , " s e sell, in tones of strong re proach, and, prhaps unwisely, scorn-"tell me why you dare to claim as your own a thild whom you saw for the first time a few

Mrs. Rewlings seemed troubled. She could not see her visitor's eyes, but had the uncomfortable feeling that they were gazing sternly at her, as if striving to read the truth in her perturbed features. "We but a little boy," she faltered out,

le boy of that age. My man is certain the eiscurs." "But you you are not certain. A man a mistake as to his own child, but not a women. The mother does not forget her child, re-believe the child of a stranger

to be her own." My man is so certain," rep atel Mrs. Rawlings, the must be right. Four fellow, ever sime cour boy was lost he has been seekng thu, bi hand low. It has driven him all but read at times. New is has found the child, and means to have him." She spoke

the last sentence somewhat definitly, "He will never have him," said Beatrice, staying with her, and Beatrico had learned the address given to her uncles. Her business was to see Mrs. Rawlings.

As the sale from a Supremental Suprementation of your citating that boy. His measure knows in whose hands he is. If your claim is pressed, proof as to whole it a child really is will be furtheoming. The production will cause pain and grief, but that will be berne, if needful. See here——he drew from her pocket the hill, which had been cut off the child's cape—"the person who has a right to that child must produce the half of the card which fits this. When wanted it can be produced."

"I know nothing about cards and proofs."

"I know nothing about earls and proofs, said the woman, whose understanding could not, perhaps, grasp the ingenumy of the levice. "Id I know is this, miss; my husband swears it is our boy, and I helf we him, poor man. Sere enough he has git welfer two years—never be a the same man since."

"You do not believe him," said Beatrice, in the same deliberate way, "but for the sake of setting his mind at rest you humor his delusion, and are willing to rob another woman. You seem to be a kind woman, y you are ready to work irretrievable harm to

of much account who could desert a pretty little dear like that. But there, I've listened Sa unday come All that Mrs. Rawlings rose as if to terminate the

audience. Beatrice also rose and faced her. She threw up her vell, and for the first time during the interview showed her fare to her No." sne said, with strange vehenence

"I have more, much more to say to you. Look me in the face, and feel sure that I am speaking the truth. What if I tell you that I know the mother of this child—know why it was sent to Hazlewood House—know that if forced to do so the mother will claim it publicly - will face whatever the shame ather than yield it to another! Will these things have weight with you, and make you persuade your husband to let the matter

Her impassioned manner had its effect upon her listener. Mrs. Rawlings flageted about, and her round eyes, which hitherto had rested wonderingly on Bestrice's face, were cast down.

"It's no use," she muttered, shaking her hend. head, "Not a bit of use. He has set his heart on the boy. He'll say it's only a Then I have yet more to say. Look at

me again, and listen. Put yourself in my place, and realize what you compel me to do. I tell you the child is mine-it is mine. Do you understand?"

Mrs. Rawlings slook her boad feebly.
"It is mine," my ate I Beatrice. "Lain to
mother. D. I speak clearly mountal. That



"It is mine," repeated Beatrice. "I am its mother,

boy is my son. I have him in marriage, but in trouble and in secrecy. Now will you or your husbania does to lay claim to him-dare

"Save myself and one other no one knows of its birth. I loved it and learned to have it ever with me. But for years I scarcely like cast down his eves and in a respectful dured to see it. Then came a chance, I way stated that he was scriptus y that h always with me, and yet no one to I know it was my very own. I injured no one by so it log. I had my child and could love it and is log. I had my child and contained and core for it. I was all bus happy. And now, for what can be of no ben fit to you, you for what can be of no ben fit to the well of ill for each totall my tale to the we pert with my child. Y typu neen woman, and must have a woman's heart?"

She looked at Mrs. Linwhiges and easy that tears were in her eyes.

"I believe you are kind," continued I on trice in a softer voice. "You have force to tell you all. But I believe you w. La pray ser and help mate . . p.f. id is times to see, nevertheless there we an importing type in her vote . More than the classed her plump hands to a the γ the ers streamed down her checks. ars of practice in plaiting up these mysteus white integuments whose fanciful thy woman wasstill humane at heart.
Oh, my poor young lady! My poor young

lady!" she cried. "You so young, so proud-looking, so beautiful! To be led astray! Oh har! oh dear! What villains men are, bot! ch and low!" Miss Clauson flushed to the roots of her

She seemed about to speak, but checked herself. "You are satisfied now?" she a occiafter a pause. "Oh, yes, miss. Oh, I am so sorry for you.

You were right to trust me. Not a word shall pass my lips."

"But your husband?" "Oh, dear! ch, dear! I must do the best I can. I must tell him it is not ours. He will be so unhappy. He's a good man and a kind husband, but rather excitable. I assure you, miss, he was fully convinced that sweet little boy was his. I own I wasn't, but I humored

Anyway I would have loved the boy like my own. Now I promise you there shall be no more trouble. But my poor man, he will be disappointed."

"Will any sum of money—" began Bea-

trice rather timidly.
"Oh, no, miss, Although Rawlings has neglected business decadfully for the last two years, and his brother is groundling, v. are fairly well-to-do people with a tely bit saved. Oh, to, my man is single-cycl. He only wanted his boy. How was your child lost?" neled Bea-

Mrs. Rawlings looked rather confused. "I can't help believing, miss, that the poor little fellow was drowned and never found, But Rawlines he won't have it so. He says ie was stolen and we shall find him some

After this Biss Clanson thanked her brates with grave disally. Then she drisped her yell and a tended by Mrs. Rawlings went back to the cub and Sylvanus. She had gained her end, but at a price only known to What it had cost her to reveal the servet of her life to that strange woman can only be over estimated. Such was her ing of degradation that she almost wished her uncles had been in the room when or ay she went with the child in her its tell them what she had to-day told reflectings. "And after all," she mur-ared value habitter smile on her face, "it is stay goff the crash which must come le's quick car caught the sound. aing un leasant hancened, I hope?" h.

> one's was not of the pleasantest I a complished it successfully,

n at one of the principal stops in real into which Mordle could not vento a manay her. She thanked him described. He strole back to me and the was well into his own parish lary suberel the necessity of resumthis most cheerful air, "It must have a character," he muttered, "But why

too long, and perhaps said more than I busint of the week, Herace and Herbert ought. If you like to see my hisband, I'll wreafider wind uncomfortable. Long besere fide vand uncomfortable. Long bears the hear fixed by Messra, Blackett & Wiggens for the appearance of their client's parria e the brothers were glancing down the drive. Miss Clauson, however, appeared alm and at her case. Her woman's instinct fold her that all danger from the claimants was at an end. About 2 o'clock Horace turned to her. "My dent," he said, "has M s. M Her made any preparation for the 's departure!"

None visatever. He will not be sent for. It was but an idle threat."

He cace and Herbert exchanged glances.

w it was no idle threat, but they ie knew how the fulfillment had been

Three o'clock came-four-ave o'clock but no carriage, no Rawlings, no Blackett no Wigness. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday a sed without any sign or manifestation of attility. The fulberts were then bound to confess that their niece had judged aright Beatrice appears to be remarkably clear debted, "sabi Horace.

Remarkably so," answered Herbert. But had Sylvanus Mordle, who spent the evening with them, committed a breach o raith and mentioned his excursion with Mis Courson, the brothers might have suspected they had credited their niece with a quality o which she had no table.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE STELLS OF LIBERTY.

10 Liberty) their goldess heavenly in the Produce of his end program with Lent." Every bard has song the joys of Lerty; every writer has said his say upon r plories. Patriots have died for her, an taleamen—selern ones e-pecially—have made her a convenient stalking horse. The abject being such a stock one, and ap-postations so plentiful, there is no need to lilate upon the frame of mind in which Mrs Taller's nequalitan c, Mr. Maurice Hervey see No. 1-80 found himself, when Portlan. reson at length discontinued its ungrading and machine-like hospitality and restored but to the outer world, a free man save for he formally of once a month reporting him of to the paner, and that general suspicious arveillance which is so irksome to the renally modest and retiring nature of a icket-of-leave man.

The "gold of heavenly bright" showed her tace, the first time for some years, to Mau-cleo hervey on the very day when Mis-Clauson and Sylvanus Mordle went to Black town.

Mrs. Miller, who had manifested so keer an interest in the felou's enlodgement, rmained in complete ignorance of the happevent. This was due to no emission on he She had written twice to the govern of Portinial, begging that the date of the convict's release mucht be made known to her. The letters were dated not from Oak Oakbury parish.

At the end of the gleaming pewter countered the widowed landladr, whose frame examples after the death. She breathed quickly, as one in pain.

At the end of the gleaming pewter countered the widowed landladr, whose frame examples after the death. She breathed quickly, as one in pain.

Now, that her hand was forced, now that the there rived no verily. The remain for such

guarded secret of her life was wrested from her, she seemed to speak like one who, having told the worst, cares little what follows.

The day of the man's emancional a was told that his reland had written, and by was a h d if he schemed so that it might come to me mid be affiliated his present shameful position to certain evil counsel which the writer had given him, and which he had followed, did wish to be sent to London, but would cather avoid this woman than seek her. After this avowal Mrs. Miller's letter re-

He was an educated villain, who had been

senion of to five years' penal servicede for attering forged bills. Like most such reen. who are sont into seclusion for the good of the community, Maurice Hervey was able to realize, without such severe trutment a as needed to convince the Apostle Paul. that kicking against pricks is foolishie a. Ho had be a ordered to pay a certain deld. Midschavior meant that the debt would be exacted to the uttermost farthing; whereagood conduct would in time lighten the obli gadon and induce his creditor to accept a hand-ome composition. So he did to the best of his ability such work as was a lotted to him. He was too clever to attemp the elbow-worn trick of interesting the chaplain by a pretended conversion. He sagely reflected that chaplains must by this time have grown wide awake. But he wor a contented, inoffensive look, spake civilly this jailers, complained of nothing, and gave no trouble. It was only in the seclusion of his circumscribed cell of corrugated iron that No. 1080 scowled, grated his teeth and elenched his hands. It was only there that while his beart craved for personal freedom his lips noiselessly framed bitter curses and vows of vengenace.

So it is that if upon his return to freedom Mr. Hervey had given his experiences of penal servitude to the daily papers, his de-scription of the punishment of bread and water diet, dark cells, and that humiliating exercise with the crank known as "grind-

ing the air" would have had no first-hand

Before leaving Portland he was told that 'Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society would doubtless do something for him. Ho expressed his gratitude for the information. it added that unless from disuse his right hand had lot its cunning, he could earn au enest-be emphasized the word-livelihood without difficulty. He had been an artist, and could again pursue that eraft under a new name. During his detention he had given his janitors proof of his graphic abilties by the graving of sundry states with complicated and not inartistic designs. These iks of art are still shown to visitors to the prison as curl-sities.

So, practi ally a free man, Maurice Hervey stood in the streets of London at 4 e'clock on the second day of the new year. There was little about him to attract attention. By a merciful and sensible dispensation, dur ing the three months prior to his emancipu tion a conver's hair is left to nature, so that in these days of military crept Mr. Hervey head, which no longer resembled a Fitzroy stormdrum, was not a signal of danger. The suit of clothes which replaced the durable prison dress was rough and ill-fitting, but not such as to create remark. In London that night there must have been hundreds of thousands of respectable men who looked neither better nor worse than Maurico Her-

Free at last! Free to turn where he likel, and, within the limits of the, law, do as he liked; in splendid health; in the prime of manhood. Free to redeem or cancel the past by honest work, or by dishonesty sink to and lower in the future. In his pocket the sum of five pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, the result of years of self-enforced good conduct and unavoidable hard labor. The fingering of this money gave him a new, or at least awake a dormant sensation. It was more than four years since his hands had touched a coin of the realm. Think of that and radize what penal servitude means? The first use he made of his liberty and

money was characteristic, and I fear may awaken include at something in the minds of the majority of man- (not woman-) kind. He went into a tobacconist's and bought a ninepenny el mr. He lit it, sat down upon a chair in the shop and for some minutes smoked in blis ful, contented silence. The reced his customer narrowly. His general a pourance, especially the local of his hands, did not seem compatible with what the tradesman called a "ninepenny smake gent." Hervey caught the man's eyes fixed on his hands. He himself glanced at them with a look of disgust and a mattered curse. Years of turf-carrying and digging and delv-ing for Portland stone play haves with a gentieman's hands. Hervey's balls were-broken, blunted and stunted; his fingers were thickened and hardened. Altogether his hands were such as a person schedule as to the refinement of his personal appearance

would prefer to keep in his pockets There were other actions which showed the ticket-oi-leave man to be possessed of a fastidious nature. The first enthralling solemnity of the refound enjoyment of good tobacco having passed off, he left the shep and went in search of a ready-made clothing establishment. Here he bought a shirt and collar, a pair of shining boots, a hat, gloves, and a cherp suit which for a few days would hang together and present an appearance almost fashionable. He asked permission to change his apparel on the promises. Then having had a trown paper parcel made of the suit presented to him by a generous government he went his way, no could much relieved by the amelioration of his ex-ternal condition.

After a few more purchases needed by a gentleman for his toilet, he found his money had dwindled down to very little. He had, however, enough left to buy a shiny black bag. Into this he tumbled his parcels, and halling a hansom paid his last shifting to be conveyed to the door of a well-known hotel. A luxurious dog this convict!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

I have had a great sale for Athlephores, and as far as I am informed it has given unusual satisfaction to those who have taken it for rheumatism and reuralga; my customers are well pleased. E. F. Tomlinson, druggists Piainville, Conn.

PURE WHITE LEAD,

LEAD PIPE and SHEET LEAD.

Our manufactures are fully warranted, and re-unsurpassed by any in the market. Lowest market prices for goods of equal

SALEM LEAD COMPANY.

Just get up

Neuraliza, thench one of the more common and meet painful of diseases, his tenfer author of meet painful of diseases, his tenfer at medical skill, and until ATHLOPHOROS was continuously the disease of the disease of

subject to number or terrous headache it is indispensable. Athlophoros centains morphine, morphine, or other ampercuis is predict. It is absolutely harmless and universally encousful in the present cure of this remain disease.

Ask your drugs t for Athlophoros. If you cannot get it of him we will send it express paid on receipe of regular price. \$1.00 per bottle. We prefer that you tay it from your druggist, but if he hash? It do not be persuaded to try something eice, but order at come from us an directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Read This Carefully.

The following latter from a well-known Westernindy explains itself and is worthy of careful reading:

"I wish to say ta the slok and these that are feeble and weak from any cause whatever, that in all the vecabulary of medicines they will find the most virtue and the greatest benefit from Parker's Tonic. I have been an invalid for five or six years past, and given up to die by the most skillful phesisians of Kansas and Colorado, but Parker's Tonic has kept me alive, and rosed inc up after everything else finied. I have organic heart discase, combined with spinal and great nervous debility, and have evend sinking speils with no pulse, and the only medicine that will bring on a reaction is Parker's Tonic. I have never known it to fall in earing a cold if taken in time, and it will releave pain quicker than any temedy I have ever tried. I send you his because I would sike for others to know how much good it mas due me. It is just as good for children. Try it and be convinced."—MRS. D. SHULTZ, Laudsville, Kansas. P. O. BOX 12.

PARKER'S TONIC [Prepared by Hiscox & Co., N. Y.] Sold by all Druggists in large bottles at One Dollar. 26,M,7 h. wlm,nrm

Hamburghs! HAMBURGHS!

Hamburgh Edgings & Insertions.

Never before were as low as at the present time, The Big Bonnet Stores

Are Headquarters for these Goods. We have just received about 200 patterns direct from the importers and have mark-ed them at prices that will please everyone in want of those

goods. WE ARE SELLING

Zephyr Worsted at 8 cents per hap, Jersey Gloves at 2 (etc., former hap, 38 Ladies' Under Vests 35 etc. Newmarkets \$10.00 For Caps 1,25 ... All World Hite 1,25 ...

Also we have all colors in Ladies' Hand-Made Tuques,

Crockery, Wall Paper, SILVERWARE, &c.

We Are Selling

Printed Chamber 8 18, 10 pages, for \$3.00 Copper Bottom Te , Pots 40 cts, Tin 10, 15 and 20 cts. And in fact all kinds of Tinware

> Please Give us a Call. MILES & McMAHON,

at very low prices.

38 and 40 Church Street. AT THE BIG BONNET.

GLUES ACID 1600 Pounds Manual TWO GOLD MEDALS. READY FOR USE

Good Carnival Weather or Not

RUSSIA CIMENT CO., Gloucester, Max

PLEASE DROP INTO

H. DAVIS.

65 CHURCH STREET.

And source the good bargains he offers in BOOKS, STATIONERY, MUSIC, GAMES, ARTISTS MATERIALS, etc. Fresh arrivals of Writing Paper and Envelopes, Dictionary Holders, Blank Books, Office and House Stationery, Music Books, Internments and Trummings Valentines and Birthday Cards, Cheap Libraries, Gold Pens, Snow Snoes, Games, School Supplies, Artists Materials.

ORGANS TO RENT. M. deed&wtf

PURE MILK.

WARREN MILK JARS, adapted for the belivery of Milk in all Cities and Towns. A one needed want at last supplied. Write for rice lists and descriptive circulars to

A. V. WHITEMAN, F A. BROWS, Trons. SALEM, MASS. 72 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.